

## When the Power Stopped

By Nettie Dixon

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Edna came out of the woods, her arms filled with flowers. It had been her first visit that spring, and as she made her way to the road and stationed herself beside the trolley tracks she thought of the difference last year, when they had to drive out from town and the only sign of the trolley was a group of men with funny looking instruments working along the road.

It was delightful to feel that those long yellow cars brought town and country into such close union, and she peered down the track for the first sign of the approaching car.

She had understood that they ran every ten minutes, but after awhile she grew tired and sat on a rock by the roadway. It must be the very rock, she reflected, on which she and Jack had sat while they were waiting for the wagon to come along.

That had been a year ago. Things had changed since then. There had been a little misunderstanding, and Jack had left town for the west—to forget.

Perhaps—if he were here—she might—well, somehow the arbutus and the woods seemed to put things in a different light. She had been a little mean to Jack Masters. It was the first time she had admitted it, even to herself. If only Jack knew!

So engrossed did she become with her thoughts that it was fully half an hour before she realized that in all that time not a single car had passed in either direction. She glanced impatiently up the track. It was not pleasant to be alone on a country road with the ghost of the dead past. All the wishing in the world would not bring Jack back.

A lumbering wagon creaked along, and the driver reined his horses in before her.

"Waiting for the trolley?" he shouted. Edna nodded.

"Likely to have a long wait," he chuckled. "The power house is burning down. Guess they'll be running again in about six weeks. G'lang!"



JACK REFRANG TO THE GROUND AND CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS.

And the tired horses resumed their jog with the driver still chuckling over the

JOKE. For a moment Edna's heart sank. It was getting well along in the afternoon. She had had a long day in the woods, and now she had to face a ten mile walk to town unless some one came along who would give her a lift. In spite of the memories that clustered about the spot she decided that she would remain and wait for something to turn up.

Presently a grocery cart came rattling along, and Edna hailed the driver. He refused her proffer of money and sprang down to help her to the seat. The sprig of arbutus she pinned in his buttonhole was a greater reward than any fee she could give, and he was sorry when a mile beyond a second wayfarer hailed him, asking for a ride.

As the man turned at the sound of the wheels Edna gasped. She had supposed Jack Masters to be out west somewhere, yet here was he or his double standing in the muddy road.

"Do you mind?" asked the boy apologetically as he heard the anticipated request. "There's room on the seat for three."

"Not at all," said Edna, wondering if her cheeks were as red as they felt. The next moment Masters sprang to the seat.

For the first time he seemed to realize who the second occupant of the wagon was. "Edna," he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"I have been out after wild flowers," she explained. "The day was so tempting I could not stand the city."

"Did you go to the old place?" he asked quietly.

"The arbutus is thickest there," she said. "I guess it was about the old hill."

"I was out there day before yesterday," he said. "Somehow I felt that I would like to go back to the old place. You remember that that was where—where?"

"It is not necessary to be more specific," said Edna severely. "It is not nice to rake up unpleasant memories."

The next moment she was penitent and longed to tell him how sorry she was for all that had occurred, but Jack was looking out over the fields now, and he did not catch the glint of tears in her eyes.

He was thinking of the promise she had made him when they were gathering the arbutus together and how they had agreed to gather the arbutus the next spring as husband and wife.

Somehow the memory of it had brought him back from the cactus and sagebrush of the western plains. He had felt that he must come back—that perhaps in the springtime she would see things with clearer vision. He had hoped against hope on his long journey across the continent, and now, at this unexpected meeting, she had snubbed him.

It was several minutes before he could command himself, but when he turned to her again it was with an impassive face and some comment upon the destruction of the power house.

Edna felt hurt. Why should she care when he seemed to feel so little regret? Her penitence vanished, and instead there came an elfin desire to tease.

For a moment he seemed hurt at her flippancy; then he rallied and met her mood. Beneath his smiles there lay a bleeding heart, but he did not show his hurt, and the indifference roused Edna to further flights until she was almost insolent.

He bore with her patiently, but when at last the boy drew up at the outskirts and announced that he had to turn off to his store Jack sprang to the ground and caught her in his arms as she sought to jump to the ground without his assistance. Just for a moment they shared the fragrance of the arbutus that was crushed between them; then he released her with a sigh and fell into step beside her.

"I do not need your escort," she protested when it became apparent that

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We do not handle just a little of one or two lines of Union-Made Clothing, so that we can say we have it, but with the exception of a little less than eight per cent, our suits are all **Union-Made**. We stand strong for union principles and make it a point to handle union-made goods as far as possible.

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The first insures good workmanship, clothing made under good sanitary conditions and in well-lighted shops; the latter insures good pure **Oregon Wool**. What better combination for a strictly first-class suit can you ask for than this?

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We save you two profits—the manufacturer's and the jobbers—which means a saving to you of from 25 to 50 per cent.

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## Brownsville Woolen Mill Store

MILL TO MAN CLOTHIERS

684 Commercial Street, Astoria  
Between 15th and 16th Streets.

he intended to wait with her.

"You have to pass through a rather tough quarter of the town before you reach your home," he said quietly. "I am sorry to have to force my company on you, but I intend to see you safely home."

Edna thrilled at the quiet authority of the tone. She had been rather disappointed at the quiet way in which he had taken her rallery. This was more like the old Jack, and because it evoked old memories it made her resentful.

"I suppose you have come back home because you were a failure out west?" she said sharply. "Father said when you went that you would never make a success on a ranch."

"On the contrary, I have been remarkably successful," he said quietly. They passed under the street lamp, and she glanced at his well worn clothes.

"I am wearing an old suit for a reason," he said. "Don't judge by that. Shall I tell you why I came home?"

"I suppose I cannot help myself," she mocked.

"Because I read the message of spring," he said; "because the dusty cactus spoke of the pink arbutus and made me think of you; because I hoped that the season might bring memories to you and make you more kind."

"I went out to the woods the day I arrived and to the place where we plighted our troth. I was hoping, perhaps, you might come. It was the anniversary. I was there again yesterday and today. I am wearing an old suit because it is the suit I wore then."

"I remember it," she cried penitently, "but I did not know that was the reason why."

"We are at your gate," he said, with a sudden change of tone. "Pardon my heroics." He lifted his hat and turned away. She waited a moment, then called softly to him. He turned back, looking into her face inquiringly.

"I'm glad the trolley house burned down," she said softly. "We could go out tomorrow in a buggy—if you care to. Perhaps it might happen."

"Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," he announced promptly. "It has happened already."

"I'm glad it has," she said meekly. "I shall always love arbutus."

"And me?" he demanded.

"And—you!" she said.

### THE SEATTLE SPIRIT.

New Steamer to Serve Seattle with Fruits and Vegetables.

Yesterday's Post-Intelligencer contains the following item of news of interest to people in the Columbia river section:

"Within a few days articles of incorporation will be filed for the Economic Transportation Company of Seattle; capital stock, \$10,000,000. Paul Washburn, attorney for the new company, returned from Olympia yesterday, where he went to complete the preliminary papers. The company is to manufacture the new Smith rotary engine, which was invented by Norman R. Smith, of Seattle, and which is installed in the Seattle Spirit, recently launched from the ways in Ballard.

"The new company is to put a line of steamers running between Seattle and The Dalles. Opposite Umatilla 1,000 acres of land have been secured for irrigation, and a pumping station is to be established there. Mr. Smith stated that the engines are now being built for this station. The engines are to be of 2,300 horse power, and they will furnish water for three or four townships.

"As soon as the new locks are completed around Celilo rapids, a boat will be put on the up-river run.

"There is no reason," said Mr. Smith, "why Seattle should not be the best fed city in the West. With a line of thirty-knot steamers, running from the Columbia, the fresh provisions of Eastern Washington can be brought here sooner than the trains could bring them, and there will be no danger of dust and dirt getting in it."

"Work on the new boat, building at the ways in Ballard, is being pushed, and as soon as it is launched other boats are to be built. At the engine works several of the new engines are under construction. As fast as boats can be built they are to be equipped with the new engines and started on the Columbia river run."

Some say that city girls are poor, ignorant things. Some of them cannot tell a horse from a cow, but they do know that Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is one of the greatest beautifiers known. Tea or Tablets, 35 cents. For sale by Frank Hart.

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